

(7)

Friday April 13, 1945
1400a Command
APO 322, Fresno.

Good evening Sweetheart;

Did you notice the date on this letter - Friday the 13th, and as far as I'm concerned the day is unlucky for today brought with it the news of the President's death. It was a great shock to everyone here. As one fellow so very well put it this noon "it's just like you lost a close friend or one of the family." It was very much that way with me. It seemed a very personal loss, and a great one. It is the worse possible thing that could have happened to the United States. I only hope that everyone pulls together to make up for the loss we have sustained. There is no one man who could replace him but a combination of all the great men in Washington could if they will forget their petty differences and all pull together. I still can't get over it. It all seems so unreal.

We had a formation this evening at which we had a service for the President. The band and all the officers and men were present.

I got a very nice letter from you today Honey. It was the one with the Heaven Sent on it. Although that has a nice odor I think I still prefer Liggett. It's probably because that evokes wonderful memories of you and makes you seem near home.

2.

Mac also wrote me a letter and told me that he was housed in one of the cell blocks of an old Spanish prison which the army took over to house the troops. The sight of bars seems to depress him quite a bit. He also informed me that three of the boys from A-5TP days died in action in France. One of them was Tom Dwyer the fellow I went to school with at New Hampshire. He was the one who had that little skirmish with Dr. Watts that time. I knew him very well. It is very depressing to hear of all these fellows I know who are dying in action. Bob Kennedy went into action very recently. I have not heard from him but just heard about his outfit being in action on the radio. I hope nothing happens to him.

Everyone seems to be retiring now Darling, and since I am receiving dirty looks from all directions because I'm leaving the lights on I'd better get myself to bed too. Goodnight Sweet.

Good Morning Honey;

Saturday Morning

We had to get up early this morning to get the place all cleaned up for inspection. This tent got its first thorough cleaning in a long while. It looks quite nice now really. I didn't think it could be gotten this clean, ever. One never knows though.

From your letter I'd say that you are quite the little map maker now, 30 maps in

one days time is an awful lot of maps. Who's supposed to be the artist in this family anyway? That type of work isn't bad, although you maintain that a ten year old could do it. It may be that Thaden doesn't want to overtax your growing mind Sweetheart. Ouch, stop that Bunny Robon.

Just what are you trying to do to yourself? All this playing with matches finally burned you did it. The little incident of the runaway match was very amusing and I must say that the match showed the same ~~fine~~ discretion that I would have shown in a resting place for its' Lead. That is exactly where I wish mine were. Did you get burned at all other than burning your finger in retrieving the match?

It is also very nice to know that you are finally wearing your glasses. I have had visions of going through life in the dual role of husband and seeing-eye dog for you if you continued to do all that reading and working without your glasses. You be sure to wear them from now on.

I'm glad to hear that you and the whole family like the sketches I send. It's fun doing them! I didn't know that you had framed

4.
one of them though. When you spoke of having
my picture framed I thought you were referring
to the portrait I sent you right after I got over
seas. The one I had taken at Lowry Field.

My color blindness is not as bad as you
would think it Bunny. I know that the color
on these envelopes you send ~~are~~^{to} maroon. The blue
ones I was referring to are some that you sent a
while back which had a dark blue lining. Of
course I must admit that the maroon looks
much more purplish to me than ~~it~~ red but I
still recognize it.

I finished the sketch for that Mother's
Day card and one of the other fellows cut it
on a stencil. I don't know how it will come
out on that but it should be all right. I'll
send you a copy of it when it is done.

In one of the Yank magazines there was an
article that seemed very amusing to me because it
presented a problem which was quite unique.
It seems that a G.I. returned home from the So.
Pacific after a two and a half years sojourn
to find that he was the father of a ten month old
baby boy. It sounds like an old story, tragic but
not unusual, and the father(?) the G.I. de-
cided that a divorce was in order. At the

divorce hearing a sensational revelation was made. The ~~the~~ wife's child was not the result of a dalliance with another ~~man~~ man but was the result of a test tube conception. In her husband's absence the wife found that more than anything she wanted a child. Reluctant to cheat on her husband, she consulted a doctor who suggested the test tube method. The question before the court is whether the wife was unfaithful or not. It's true that she did not have intercourse with another man but still she had a child by another man - unknown. I believe that the husband continued to press his suit (no pun intended) for divorce because he didn't like the idea of having a child for which he was not responsible. The court was in quite a quandary trying to decide the case one way or the other. There were no precedents for such a case. Interesting, isn't it?

Goodbye now Sweetheart I must leave you once more. I'll be back later today though Honey so until then remember that I love you more than anyone ever could be loved - except you.

Goodbye again my Darling.

Freddie